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A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. V.

Toronto, Saturday Jan. 9, 1891.

No 48

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Could not get along without it.
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JAS BEATY
 For Mayor 1892
 and support
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 istration, and an effort to obtain a new City
 Charter.

Amongst other reforms, the apportion-
 ment of civic business into a few Per-
 manent Departments, controlled as to
 officials and service immediately by com-
 petent Heads under suitable By-Laws, but
 ultimately by the Council, the people's
 representatives as a body and not as in-
 dividuals.

Also the institution of a Board of Con-
 trol, composed of the Mayor, the Chairman
 of Committees (as ex-officio members) and
 heads of Departments to suggest methods
 to Control, Reduce and Manage the Ex-
 penditure.

Reduced Taxation as far as practicable,
 consistent with the necessities of the City.
 With this view, retrench and moderate all
 controllable expenditures in every depart-
 ment of work and service.

Equitable assessment and fair taxation on
 all property and classes, and so as to
 promote the influx of Capital.

Utilizing to the best advantage City
 Property and Assets and reduce the Debt
 and encourage improvements.

Equivalent value in work and material
 for monies expended.

Business-like financial arrangements to
 increase the credit and prosperity of the
 city.

An effort to procure pure water and
 thorough drainage to protect the health of
 the citizens

To encourage manufacturing industries
 and induce the use of capital in the city
 and thus provide employment.

A readjustment of the Local Improve-
 ment System to render it fair and equit-
 able in its operations.

To establish a judicious relief system
 for paupers that will at the same time pro-
 tect the citizens from street beggars.

To establish a means of reformatory
 punishment for habitual drunkards

To provide reformatory restraints in
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 for youthful indiscretions.

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		4.00 8.20
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		4.00 10.30 11.00
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30 9.00 7.20
		12.00

English mails will be closed during October
 as follows: Oct 1, 2, 5, 8, 12, 15, 16, 19, 22, 23,
 26, 27.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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Reddite quæ sunt Cesaris, Cesaris; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. V.

Toronto, Saturday Jan. 9, 1891.

No 48

LATEST CABLES.

CAIRO, Jan. 7.—The Khedive is dead. He had been suffering from influenza which developed into congestion of the lungs. This was complicated with a cardiac affection and this afternoon he succumbed.

The death of the Khedive was entirely unexpected. It was stated this evening that he was in no apparent danger from the attack of influenza, when suddenly the complication set in and developed with startling rapidity. Two physicians were in attendance, but they did not appear to realize that the Khedive's condition was critical until this morning, when it became known that the ruler of Egypt was dangerously ill. Groups of people gathered at the gates of the Helorian Palace, where the Khedive was lying. At 6 o'clock this evening (Cairo time) a bulletin was issued stating that the Khedive was dead. He will be succeeded by Prince Abbas Pacha, his eldest son, who was born July 14, 1874.

LONDON, Jan. 8.—A despatch to the *Times* from Cairo says: "The Khedive had been ill for a week and had been treated for simple influenza until Wednesday, when an acute disease of lungs and kidneys supervened. Three European doctors were summoned and every known remedy was administered without success. The Khedive succumbed after a long period of insensibility. The Vicereine is inconsolable over his death and has retired to another place.

The heir to the throne, Abbas Pacha, has attained his majority under the Mahomedan law. He has displayed ability and force of character.

The present Cabinet has the confidence of the country.

The *Times*, in commenting on the death of the Khedive, says that the accession of a youthful ruler affords a good reason why England should have a tighter hold on Egypt.

The *Standard* says should the Sultan consider the time opportune to re-open negotiations he will find that while we entertain a punctilious respect for his Suzerain rights we cannot expose both him and Egypt to a repetition of the dangers from which England alone rescued them.

The Dix Neuvieme Siecle of Paris, foreseeing that arguments like the foregoing would be advanced by the British, demands that the powers combine to prevent the placing of Abbas Pacha under English tutelage.

MOHAMMED TEWFIK PACHA, Khedive of Egypt, was born Nov. 19, 1852, being the eldest son of the late Khedive Ismail. He succeeded to the vice-royalty of Egypt by a decree of the Ottoman Empire June 25, 1879, upon the forced abdication of his father, and received the investiture on August 11. He is the sixth ruler of Egypt in the dynasty of Mohammed Ali Pacha, who was appointed Vali or Governor in 1806.

Since his appointment the Khedive has acted in close harmony with the British authorities. He was a loyal and honest man, was neither cruel, vicious, extravagant nor an intriguer, and was thus as far as character goes a very paragon among Khedives. Tewfik married on Jan. 18, 1873, the Princess Emineh, daughter of the late El Hami Pacha, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. He behaved with noble devotedness during the outbreak of cholera in 1883; in company with his wife he visited the sick and dying, in spite of the remonstrance of his Ministers.

STOCKHOLM, Jan. 5.—Oscar II., King of Sweden, is dangerously ill in his palace in Stockholm from a severe attack of influenza, and shows no sign of improvement. His lungs are affected and great alarm is felt at his condition. During the King's illness the Crown Prince has acted as Regent of the Kingdom.

Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, was born in 1829, and in 1857 married Princess Sophia, daughter of Duke Wilhelm Nassau, by whom he had four sons, the eldest of whom, Gustaf, Duke of Gothland, was born in 1858. King Oscar held the rank of Lieutenant-General when he ascended the throne in 1872 as the successor of his brother, Carl XV. He has followed the liberal policy of his predecessor, enlarged the liberty of the press and made many reforms. In 1878 he was elected a member of Frankford Academy of Sciences on account of his translation of Goethe's Faust.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—The *Herald* correspondence at Valparaiso says that it is reported that the Chilean Government has cabled orders to Minister Montt at Washington to make a sincere apology to the United States for the unfortunate and deplorable attack upon the Baltimore sailors on Oct. 16 last. Others matters which have been in dispute between Chili and the United States are to be speedily considered by the new Administration. From semi-official sources it is learned that the reason why the Santiago police are kept in the vicinity of the American legation is that the Intendente of the city is in daily receipt of letters containing threats to burn and sack the legation. The Government desires so have the police near at hand so as to prevent the execution of such threats. Senor Belisario Pratt has been appointed the new intendente of Santiago. At the time of the fall of Valparaiso his name was prominently mentioned as a candidate for the Presidency.

PARIS, January 6.—The trouble in the Tangier district of Morocco and the dispatching by the British Government of two warships to protect British interests in Tangier has awakened a feeling in some quarters that England intends adding to her territory by the forcible acquisition of part of the Sultan of Morocco's dominions. The *Cycle* demands that the Government dispatch the Mediterranean squadron to Tangier to prevent the British from carrying out any design of an aggressive character.

TANGIER, January 6.—The revolt of the peasantry in Tangier against the exactions of the Bashaw have assumed great proportions, threatening the lives and property of Europeans. Three tourists rode in from the interior Monday and vouched for the fact that 17 of the Kahible districts, containing thousands of fighting men, have revolted. Early Monday morning the leaders decided to resist the force that the Sultan is sending to support the Bashaw. Great anxiety is felt here lest the Kahibles should attack Tangier, hoping to embroil the Sultan with the powers. Her Majesty's ships the Grappler and the Thunderer have arrived and a British fleet is on its way from Cadiz. The consuls have agreed to ask that a large force of blue jackets be landed for the defence of the city. The Sultan's force numbers 500 men. It is approaching Tangier accompanied by a committee to enquire into the grievance of the Kahibles. Bashaw Sid Mohamed is an arrant coward and locks himself up and also his soldiers at sunset in the citadel, leaving the town unguarded.

PARIS, January 6.—According to the latest accounts of the condition of M. de Mupassant there is little hope of his recovery. He is suffering from general paralysis. His recent novel, "Horla," was written while he was almost delirious with neuralgia and his condition imparted to the work a nightmarelike character. His doctors insisted he must lead a life of idleness.

LONDON, January 6.—Last night's production of "Henry VIII." surpassed all of Irving's previous efforts in gorgeous splendor and mountings, and as a spectacle of pageantry was the finest ever seen in London, and is destined for a long run. The Lyceum was packed with notable people, who gave both the play and the actors a warm reception.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS AN ORDER OF SCHOOL-MASTERS.

From a late number of Merry England.

What did Jean Baptiste de la Salle? He founded Free Education.

At a time when the subject of Free Education is about to come prominently before the English public, it seems an appropriate moment to call attention to a Congregation the very presence of which in England is too little known—that of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. It is a day of Free Education, yet here in England are the disciples of the very Founder of Free Education, who are crippled from expansion, and from undertaking the educational work which is so much needed, by lack of English novices. It is incredible that, if the Institute of Blessed de la Salle were as well known here as it is abroad, it would not find young Catholics as zealous to embrace the vocation which it offers them as it has found, I do not say in its native France, but in our kindred America. It is an Order of Schoolmasters, a Congregation which ennobles and glorifies the teacher's calling by making it a religion. Association is the method of the day in everything. Whatever we wish to do, whatever we wish to effect, whatever we wish to cultivate we associate to achieve our aim. We can hardly cultivate even a poet, without forming a Browning Society or Shelley Society to do it. And this Institute is a Society to cultivate—very literally to cultivate—not a poet, but the theme of much modern poetry—that important little figure of the latter nineteenth century, whom Mr. Theodore Watts has called the New Hero. To cultivate him, not in the too facile and luxurious way of sentimentalising over him, or poetising over him, but by the patient, thankless, scarce valued, yet most invaluable method of training him. To safeguard the happiness of the child by a means more necessary than protecting him against parents, or guardians, or employers; by protecting him against himself. In our time, men and women who feel drawn towards Religious and Community life, are, as a rule, disposed to follow Martha rather than Mary: in an age when material evil is so overwhelmingly present on every hand, it may be that they feel as if the best prayer were deed; and that if, with your neighbour on your arm, you move slowly along the beaten path to Heaven instead of soaring swiftly thither through the ways of air, perhaps Our Lady—knowing why you lag—keeps a place for you by her side. And if any man seek a life of patient, unglittering self-sacrifice, surely a life spent in the obvious heroism of toil among the slums is no more really heroic than that of the man who devotes his life to teaching children how to live theirs. With what pre-eminent effectiveness the members of Blessed de la Salle's Institute do this, its history will display better than any eulogy of mine. But if other testimony be lacking, take that of two English Prelates in the diocese of one of whom the Brothers have found a home. These are the terms in which the Cardinal wrote to the Provincial last July.

Dear Brother Justin,—

I shall be very glad to hear that you have succeeded in finding many boys willing and fit to be trained for the life and work of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. London ought to have many a good boy for the Congregation of the Blessed de la Salle: and I hope they will come back and teach for us. May God's blessing be with you.

Yours faithfully,

† HENRY E.,

Card. Archbishop of Westminster.

And this is the letter of the Bishop of Salford to his clergy, dated some two months later:

To the rectors of churches in the Diocese of Salford.

Rev. dear Father,—

Brother Justin is the Provincial of the Christian Brothers in this country. He is anxious to recruit subjects from our public elementary schools. He hopes, by finding eligible subjects for the educational work of his illustrious Congregation, to be able to supply Christian Brothers to teach in some of the boys' schools in this country. You will yourself, Reverend Father, know how you can best forward the good work of encouraging vocations of the kind required. Brother Justin may be glad of an opportunity of placing his own statement and invitation before the elder boys in some of your schools: but he will communicate with you as to what he would wish to do, and you will kindly consider what may be practicable or advantageous under the circumstances of your school and locality.

Believe me to be, Rev. dear Father,

Your faithful and devoted servant,

† HERBERT, Bishop of Salford.

To this testimony I will add what is in its way the perhaps yet more valuable testimony of the Protestant English press. Reviewing Mrs. R. F. Wilson's book on the Christian Brothers, the *Saturday Review* said.

The problems attacked and solved by La Salle are at last agitating the minds of Englishmen with a late-born zeal for elementary education. The strong points in their system were insisted on by La Salle two hundred years ago. . . . Before his time even class-teaching was unknown, and ninety-nine children played at learning a lesson

while the hundredth said it. . . . He laid down rules for the height of the desks, the situation of windows, the pictures to be hung on the walls. . . . In fact, he may be said to have anticipated nearly all the vaunted wisdom of the School Boards, except the conscience clause.

This, it may be said, is a tribute to the Founder, rather than to the present utility of his Institute. Take, then, the words of the *Times*, evoked by the Brothers' display at the London Health Exhibition in 1884.

The distinctive feature of the teaching of the Christian Brothers are its practicability and adaptability to circumstances. While the character of the education is mainly such as we call elementary and middle class, at its best it is not surpassed by the most advanced *Realschulen* in Germany, and certainly not equalled all round by the most advanced middle class schools in this country. . . . The precision and intelligence shown by the Brothers in adapting their education to the special circumstances of the pupils are unsurpassed. . . . Although in some of its characteristics the system might not commend itself to robust English Protestantism, there can be no doubt that, so far as real education goes, the Brotherhood, as a whole, are not surpassed, and in few cases equalled, as educationists.

Finally, let me conclude this introduction with the words of the two principal Irish Prelates. Thus wrote the Archbishop of Dublin, in August, 1886:

My dear Dr. Kavanagh—

I have great pleasure in writing, at your request, to express my good wishes for the success of the newly established Irish Branch of the French Congregation of Brothers of the Christian Schools.

As yet, I believe, the Brothers have charge of but one school in Ireland, your own parish school of Kildare. The accounts that have reached me from time to time, of the admirable manner in which they discharge their duties there, give me good reason to feel confident that an extension of their work throughout the country will promote the interests, not only of education, but of morality and of religion.

I trust that the good Brothers may be successful, especially in obtaining postulants in sufficient number to give promise of stability to the work.

The French Congregation, some of whose Brothers are in charge of the Kildare School, make no difficulty, I understand, in working under the system of the National Board. This must open the way for them in many parishes and districts where it is impossible, or all but impossible, to work a school except with the aid of the Board grants.

I remain, my dear Dr. Kavanagh,

Most sincerely yours,

† WILLIAM J. WALSH,

Archbishop of Dublin.

And in the following warm language wrote the Archbishop of Armagh, in November, 1889:

My dear Brother Superior,—

A residence of seven years in Paris afforded me frequent opportunities of witnessing the splendid success which the Brothers of the Christian Schools have achieved in the literary and religious education of boys. I am very glad, therefore, to find that our country is likely to participate largely in the blessing of having our youth trained by a religious body so capable and devoted.

Of course, this benefit cannot be fully reaped, unless the Congregation be well supplied with English-speaking Brothers. I trust the zeal of our pious youth will soon make good this want, by moving them to devote themselves to a work which is most important and meritorious. Animated with the spirit of your holy Founder, and giving themselves heartily to the work, they could, in your Institute, do more for Faith and Fatherland than in almost any other walk of life.

I am, dear Brother Superior,

Yours faithfully,

† MICHAEL LOGUE.

If I have called Blessed de la Salle the Founder of Free Education, it would be a mistake therefore to suppose that none had attempted anything like the work of the Brothers of the Christian Schools before him. The Church had always laboured zealously to provide education for the poor, but the difficulty lay in obtaining teachers. The duties of the clergy would not allow of their giving more than a general supervision to such work, as experience continually proved. They were forced, accordingly, to employ such laymen as offered themselves; and these too frequently were little competent for their work, if they were not (as frequently would happen) of bad character. Curiously enough, girls obtained the advantage of teaching Orders before boys; associations of women devoting themselves to that purpose throughout France. Attempts were made on behalf of boys; by Gerard Groot, for instance, a Canon of Utrecht, who gave up his living, devoted himself to preaching, and founded a Community called the Brothers of the Common Life, who had primary schools where they taught children the Catechism, reading, and writing. The brothers gained their livelihood by copying out books. Their Institute was approved by Gregory XI. in 1376.

In 1597 an Aragonese, Joseph Calasanctius, came to Rome and was on account of his learning named a Doctor in Theology. As a member of the Archconfraternity of the Holy Apostles, which distributed alms to the indigent, he came to see the state of wretchedness and ignorance in which the children of the poor were living and the disastrous effects on their moral character. The schoolmasters refused his entreaties to undertake a reform unless their salaries were largely increased, to which the Senate would not consent; nor could he find any Religious Order who would devote themselves to this particular work. Calasanctius then undertook the work himself, in November, 1597, and opened the first public free school at St. Dorothy's in the Trastevere. Two priests joined him, and soon they collected some hundreds of children, who were taught Catechism, reading, writing, and arithmetic, and were supplied free of charge with books, paper, and all other things that were necessary. The school was removed from the Trastevere to the Palazzo Vestri near Sant' Andrea della Valle, and here St. Joseph Calasanctius formed an association of priests who devoted themselves with him to the instruction of the poor. He received the title of Prefect of the Pious Schools, and these schools soon reckoned over one thousand pupils. The Congregation was recognised in 1607 by Paul V., and was erected into a regular Order with the three oratory vows, and a fourth by which they devoted themselves to teaching. The Order bore the name of Clerks Regular of the Poor of the Mother of God for the Pious Schools, or, more briefly, Scolopi Fathers. St. Joseph Calasanctius died in 1618, at the age of ninety two, and his schools did good service and still exist, but they did not continue specially restricted to primary education. They developed into Colleges, whose teaching now extends from reading and writing to all the higher branches of education.

To be continued

MGR. FREPPEL—A FRENCH CATHOLIC CHAMPION.

In the last issue of our excellent contemporary, the *Boston Republic*, appears the following sketch of Monsignor Freppel, the eminent French ecclesiastic, theologian and prelate. The views he held on French politics and State socialism are well worthy of careful perusal by us in this country, as giving the position of the Church in France and its relation to public life.

A notable figure dropped out of the ranks of living French ecclesiastics the other day, when the eloquent, accomplished and zealous prelate of Angers, Right Rev. Charles Emile Freppel, was called to the reward of his many and fruitful years of service in behalf of religion and education. Over a score of years ago this distinguished ecclesiastic, by his erudition, his eminent piety and his activity in all movements that concerned the interests of Catholic France, won himself a leading place in the very fore front of the battle which even then the Catholics of France were waging with the infidels and kindred plotters who were leagued against the cause of religion and good government; and he maintained that prominent position up to the day of his death, taking a leading part in the quite recent debates and agitations that resulted from the efforts of Cardinal Lavigerie and other prelates to cut away from the monarchical attachments which from time immemorial have been characteristic of so many French ecclesiastics, and to establish more cordial relations between the Catholic Church and the republican form of government that for years past has prevailed in France. The death of such a man would be a heavy national loss to Catholic France, come at whatever time it might, and coming now, when the agitation relative to the attitude the clergy should maintain toward the government is still, in a measure, unsettled, and is likely to remain so for a time at least, because of the foolish and unwarranted action of the authorities in prosecuting the Archbishop of Aix, his demise is all the greater a calamity, and his loss will be all the more keenly felt in those circles wherein his influence was always great and salutary.

Sixty four years ago the 1st day of June Bishop Freppel was born at Obernai, and having early shown a disposition to study for the ministry, he was, after completing his elementary education, sent to a theological seminary and ordained a priest at the close of his divinity course. In both college and seminary young Freppel displayed such marked talents, and showed himself so diligent in his studies and so zealous in the sacred calling he had chosen for his career, that it was freely predicted that he was destined to attain high honors in the Church, and in his case these predictions were fully verified in after years. Step by step he ascended the ladder of ecclesiastical promotion, becoming soon after his ordination an honorary canon of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris, one of the coveted places of the French metropolitan ecclesiastics, and one which usually insures higher honors to the churchman who attains it. The superior selected him to be the Lenten preacher at the chapel of Tuilleries in 1862, and even then the future Bishop gave evidence of possessing that remarkable eloquence which he displayed so often in later years. His appointment to a deanery in the Church of St. Genevieve, that famous Parisian shrine, followed five years later, and in 1869 he was summoned to Rome by the late Pius IX., who was then arranging for the Vatican council, to prepare the matter, in co-operation with eminent theologians from all other

parts of the Catholic world, that was to be submitted to the consideration of the Fathers of the Council.

Bishop Freppel that was to be was in attendance at the last ecumenical council at Rome when a vacancy occurred in the French diocese of Angers, and the Emperor, remembering then the eloquent canon who, eight years before, had preached the Lenten conferences at the imperial chapel, and mindful also of the many excellent works he had since accomplished, nominated him, as it was his privilege to do, for the widowed see. The nomination was readily confirmed by Pius IX., and Monsignor Freppel was accordingly consecrated at Rome, March 8, 1870, and took part, as a prelate, in the subsequent sessions of the Vatican council, which gathering he was in attendance at previously as a theologian only. Coming back to his diocese after the interruption to the council's sittings, which followed the Piedmontese invasion of the Eternal City, Monsignor Freppel administered the Angers diocese up to the date of his recent death, and his administration, like all his other undertakings, was a singularly successful one, resulting in the great advancement of the cause of religion in all the parishes subject to his episcopal jurisdiction.

The French prelates have always been more or less prominent in political matters, as they needs must be in a country where the Church and State stand on such relations as they do in France, and Monsignor Freppel was no exception to the general rule. The Legitimists of Brest elected him as their deputy in 1881, and re-elected him four years later; and his admirable eloquence, combined with the firm stand he always took for the right in all debates that arose in the Chamber of Deputies, soon won him a greater prominence than attached to any other ecclesiastic delegate, a prominence which was enhanced by the fact that it was not alone in the legislative chambers that the Bishops of Angers made his voice heard, but frequently spoke and wrote on political matters outside of that assembly, and on all occasions showed himself to be an indefatigable defender of Catholic rights.

Let us quote some of the lamented prelate's most recent declarations as showing what attitude he took upon the prominent political issues that have lately arisen in France. A year ago, receiving the customary visit of honor and congratulation which French clergymen pay their prelates on New Year's day, the Bishop said to them, referring to some iniquitous legislation by the Chamber of Deputies: "Our army presents a sight at the present time without a parallel in the Christian world. By an iniquitous law of exception, which banishes chaplains from its ranks, religion is denied a place under the French flag. Under the circumstances the only course for us to pursue, consistent with honor and conscience, is to remain on the defensive. In order to present a good front to their adversaries, the Catholics of France should form among themselves a compact phalanx, not in the spirit of party politics but in the interests of religion, and this in their respective dioceses, and under the guidance of their bishops. Such a union of French Catholics, in union with their pastors, would carry into effect the wishes of the Holy Father in this respect, and it would also allow us to hope for better days for the church in France."

Earlier still by some months, referring to the declaration made by Cardinal Lavigerie in his famous speech at that breakfast which he tendered the officers of the French navy at Algiers, the eloquent bishop wrote in one of his diocesan papers: "The trial is made," says Monsignor Lavigerie, "and the moment has come to finally declare it. Yes, the trial is made, that is true; but what trial? The Christian religion is banished from all elementary schools, the exterior manifestations of religion forbidden in most of the great cities; the members of the religious orders expelled from their convents, and their chapels closed, the Sisters of Charity driven out of the hospitals of Paris, the clergy shown the door of all institutions of charity and of all the hospital commissions; our priests threatened with the loss of their small stipends on the story of the first spy and at the least ministerial caprice; practical Catholics excluded from all civil, judicial and administrative functions; social atheism become, by right as by fact, the password of the regime, to such a point that from the first to the last, no magistrate of the Republic now dares to pronounce the name of God, and all that, without the appearance of the least sign of any change in the dominant party. Yea, verily, the Republic has made its trial, and the time has come to declare boldly that it is the duty of the clergy and the people to adhere unreservedly and without afterthought to a regime which is marked out to them gratitude by such benefits!"

It was such expressions as these that led to the statement that the reason of the visit Monsignor Freppel paid to Rome early in the year just ended, was to appeal to the Holy See not to sanction the policy outlined by Cardinal Lavigerie in his Algiers speech. Before quitting Angers, however, the eloquent prelate declared that the Catholic Church regarded all legitimate governments favorably, and was by no means committed to a monarchical restoration or any attempt in that direction. It was evident, though, that the Angers prelate did not regard with favorable eyes the line of policy which the French Republic has of late years pursued in regard to the Church, and few can blame him for that. Doubtless he represented matters as they actually stood to the Pope when he visited the Eternal City last Feb-

ruary, and this was the message which he brought back from Rome to the French Catholics: "The Holy See desires that the entire episcopate, and consequently the clergy, accept the form of government selected by France for herself, and labor in concord to render Christian the existing legislation. With respect to the laity, the Holy See exercises no compulsion. She sincerely desires union among all Catholics, to whichever political party they may belong, in defence of the rights of religion, and to insure the well-being of a government capable of respecting the church's requirements as to political action within the orbit of existing institutions. The Holy See, however, neither disowns nor rejects any party, being ever respectful to the rights of all."

In Paris Monsignor Freppel was one of the prime movers in the foundation of that Catholic association which lately started there for the study of social and political problems, and the members of that association, at its first meeting, elected the Bishop their president and nominated as first vice-president the well-known Parisian ecclesiastic, Monsignor D'Hulst, other prominent members being Pere Forbes, Pere De Besse and Abbe Fichaux. The aim of this association was said, at the time of its formation, to be directly opposite to that of the societies which advocated the views on State socialism supported by the Comte de Mun and his disciples; and one of its first declarations was to this effect: "As Catholics, we feel bound to use our utmost endeavors to prevent Catholic France from following the example of Protestant countries, in which State legislation seems the only means of arriving at results which should be the work of private charity and philanthropy," a pretty plain disclaimer of any leaning toward state socialism in more than one direction.

Space fails us to do anything like justice to the many admirable books of which the lamented prelate of Angers was the author, or to more than mention the fact that, in his contributions to the leading French publications he showed himself a ready, forcible and logical writer. As before remarked, the death of Monsignor Freppel is a national loss for Catholic France, and a loss that will be felt all the more severely because it comes at a time when that Catholic nation needs his services perhaps more than it ever did during his whole career.

WHAT DO THE IRISH SING

"Trash, mostly, and treason," will be many an Englishman's, and, for the matter of that, many an Irishman's reply. Not so, perhaps, if he has had the fortune of reading in the Nineteenth Century of some years ago Sir J. Pope Hennessy's answer to the question, "What do the Irish Read?" This distinguished Irishman has in his article printed, perhaps, a little treason; but no trash, as all must confess, save those who are judges neither of trash nor treason. I hope many Englishmen, and many of my own countrymen who have shared with me the disadvantages of an education in England have read that admirable article, and have laid to heart its lesson—a very serious one. I may be pardoned, since it is very much to my purpose, if I give the following extract. A Munster parish priest is speaking:—

"If you go by the test of literary taste and knowledge, those workmen of the country reading-rooms, and those shop boys and clerks of the city, are no longer the lower classes. The young men educated at Oscott or Stonyhurst—sons of pious fathers and mothers—young gentlemen who may be seen in the smoking-room of the Munster Club, or at the races, or emulating the style of some of the military mashers—these are not nowadays, from a literary point of view, our upper or middle class youth."

Then follows a long list of the books now most popular in the reading-rooms comprising the works—mostly historical and biographical—of MacGeoghegan, McGee, Duffy, Macaulay, Justin McCarthy, Lecky, Mitchel, Sullivan, Maguire and so forth. A contrast this, to "mashers'" list where Quida, Zola, and, *rubisco referens*, George Moore, bear away their unblushing honours. But it is not of Irish reading that I wish to treat in this article, but of Irish singing. We have been always allowed the credit of being musical. If it were asked on what grounds this credit rested, the answer would probably be: "Oh, the Irish melodies—Moore's melodies; they are enough for any nation to be proud of. Of course the Irish are musical." Well, we do not disclaim Moore's melodies. They are—both the words of the modern poet, and the ancient airs which those words have at once enfeebled and immortalized—a collection of national lyrics which we challenge the world to equal. But they are not the songs of which Irishmen are proudest or fondest. They are not the songs that are oftenest sung by the people. A few of them are truly and deservedly popular; but by far the greater number of them are already forgotten as songs, and survive only as lyrics. The truth is, they were never racy of Irish soil. Some of them, indeed, will make the Irish heart beat fast to the end of time; but most of them live only as sweet ballads—matchless in fancy and felicitous expressions, but wanting, as their author was, in that honest fire and truth and courage that alone can instigingly move a nation's heart. Irish *litterateurs* will ever praise them; but Irish voices will choose, and have chosen, the songs of better, if not more gifted men. Moore himself, in lines themselves most touching, and wedded to an air perhaps the sweetest of all the Irish melodies,

has told us the secret of his charm and of his failure. "Dear Harp of My Country" is his tender good-by to the work of fitting words to Irish music. Apostrophizing his "own Island Harp," he sings:—

"The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so soft has thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still."

That sadness of Moore's was the sadness of despair. In the inner life of Ireland "the sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong" took little interest. True, he had written in his "mirth," we may suppose—those prophetic words, so often fondly repented in Ireland:—

"The nations have fallen, and thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set:
And though slavery's clouds o'er thy morning hath hung
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet
Erin, O Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

But the first glimmerings of that light appalled the snugly-nested singer, and, instead of greeting it with a psalm, he lamented it in a dirge:—

"'Tis gone, and forever the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
When a man, from the slumber of ages awakening,
Looked upward, and blessed the pure ray ere it fled.
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of sorrow and mourning
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee."

Such unhealthy hopelessness, even thus exquisitely sung, could not stand against the young fresh voices that were then proclaiming Ireland's second spring. Sad for the past—those voices would not have been Irish if that minor strain had not been in them—they were ever full of courage and glad anticipation for their country's future. From end to end of Ireland, to this day, are heard the songs which, more than speech or manifesto, roused the people to that self-reliance and trust in the final prevalence of justice, which brought the nation safe through the darkest hour of her history.

Tom Davis' lines were, indeed, the voice of the nation. Never was there a tenderer muse than his; but never, when he wrote of Ireland's future, was there a bolder:—

"Let the feeble-hearted pine,
Let the sickly spirit whine,
But to work and win be thine
While you've life
God smiles upon the bold:
So, when your flag's unrolled,
Bear it bravely till you're cold
In the strife."

Lines like the following were not without their effect:—

"Let the coward shrink aside,
We'll have our own again;
Let the brawling knave deride,
Here's for our own again!
Let the tyrant bribe and lie,
March, thro' ten, fortify,
Loose his lawyer and his spy
Yet we'll have our own again."

I do not know a more popular or a more pathetic ballad than Davis' "Annie Dear"—a mournful love-song up to the very last verse, when the rebel lover passionately weeps double bereavement—of wife and country:—

"Far better by thee lying
Their bayonets defying,
Than live an exile sighing
Annie dear!"

But there are other songs as popular as any by Davis, which were written in the days when the cause of Irish nationality was supported by the most gifted and pure-souled of Irish thinkers, and which are sung now by those who still stand by that cause. "Shabh Cuilinn" was the signatory to some of the most stirring of all the '48 songs, as they are called. He died recently, after having held the exalted position of judge; but we may safely say that his countrymen will remember "Shabh Cuilinn" when the honest judge and refined man of letters is forgotten. The song, "Ourselves alone," sounds much more like that of a Land Leaguer than of a judge of the Land Court:—

"Remember, when our lot was worse—
Sunk, trampled to the dust;
'Twas long our weakness and our curse
In stranger aid to trust,
And if at length we proudly trod
On bigot laws o'erthrown,
Who won the struggle? Under God,
Ourselves—Ourselves Alone."

In the troubled days of Fenianism a poor peasant was brought before a country court judge in the North of Ireland to answer to the charge of singing a seditious song. The song was read in court. Its strongest verse ran thus:—

"My boyish ear still clung to hear
Of Erin's pride of yore,
Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
Her independent shore;
Of chiefs long dead who rose to head
Some gallant pa' riot few,
Till all my aim on earth became
To strike one blow for you,
Dear Land—
To strike one blow for you.

It was "Shabh Cuihinn's song of Young Ireland days that the prisoner had sung. But why does the judge's kindly voice falter in passing sentence? Can he be the writer? Ah, my Lord,

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis."

I have heard that, though the sedition was held proved, the poor singer went free; for the judge, men say, was scarcely penitent, and his heart remained what it always was.

No rebel song ever had such a success in Ireland as Ingram's famous ballad, "Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-Eight?" The writer holds now an honored position in Trinity College, Dublin, an institution which, in spite of extraordinarily adverse influences, has ever been the nursery of sturdy and intelligent national spirits. There is scarcely a social board in Ireland at which that voice from "Old Trinity" has not been heard; and only those who know the power of such a song in Ireland can understand the strength of this single link between the Protestant University and the hearts of the Catholic people. There is a hope—shall I call it a belief?—cherished silently in Ireland, that a day of resurrection is not far off when the promise of such songs will be realized, and when it will appear that the Irish hearts that beat in hostile camps were never really far apart, never entirely false to the noble stirrings of former happier days.

Fully half the songs that the Irish sing at present were written in the days of the Young Ireland party. The larger movement of more recent times has not been without its lyric muse. True, there was something too coldly practical about the land agitation to give much inspiration to the poet. The one great song that became, in those days, the national song of the people was not of the League. "God Save Ireland"—T. D. Sullivan's lyric of what the great mass of his countrymen think the "saddest wrong" of the sad Fenian days—was the simple tale of the execution of Allen, Larkins and O'Brien, in Manchester, on Nov. 23 1867. The air was an American one, and had become popular in London. I remember well the amused contempt with which the singing of the song was met by an English friend who at once chorused it with the latest music hall refrain. But there is a proud ring in the air, which fits perfectly the indignation and the defiance of the Irish poet's words, and which made those words historical. It is not hard to understand the power of such a verse as this:—

"Climbed they up the rugged stair,
Rung their voices out in prayer:
Then, with England's fatal cord around them cast
Close beneath the gallows tree,
Kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to Home and Faith and Freedom to the last,
'God save Ireland,' prayed they loudly;
'God save Ireland,' said they all:
'Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battlefield we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

There is another song, still often heard in the South, that T. D. Sullivan wrote in the same troubled year. A grim humor is in it that was relished at the time. The subject was the remarkable influx just then of Americans, and the name of the song (no one could claim elegance for it) was "Square-toed Boots." The Government had threatened to arrest the suspicious-looking strangers:—

"But now the news has travelled far across the sea,
Old Uncle Sam has heard it, and a mighty man is he,
Through all his huge anatomy a thrill of anger shoots,
And like thunder comes the stamping of his square-toed boots,
And Johnny Bull grows tearful, as surely well he may,
When up the giant rises, and strides across his way;
For past experience whispers, what no 'ater fact refutes,
That there's terrible propulsion in his square-toed boots."

Such lines are, perhaps, not pleasant reading; the humor is too saturnine, and is not a fair specimen of the writer's usual kindly vein. I remember that at the last festive gathering at which I heard that song, it was followed by one that has always been a favorite, written by the same author—"R. C. C.," the initials of "Roman Catholic Curate." This is a verse:—

"His heart is near the people's hearts,
He knows their wrongs, he feels their smarts,
He sees the tyrant's cruel arts,
And through his veins each outrage darts,
Oh! firm and true as steel is he,
The calm, courageous R. C. C.!
The friend of truth and liberty,
The youthful patriot R. C. C.!"

"T. D.," as he is called through the country, was the poet of the League. To the splendid march of the Southern army he set the now well-known words:—

"Hurrah! hurrah! for home and liberty!
Hurrah! hurrah! the truth shall make us free!
Raise it on your banners, boys, for all the world to see
God made the land for the people!"

Many of these songs, which, from the pages of the *Nation*, were copied week by week into scores of papers in Ireland, America and Australia, and sung wherever his countrymen are to be found, were written in the House of Commons. Mr. Sullivan, elected to make his country's laws, and doing his part where he devotedly, prefers the more important as well as more congenial task of making her ballads. That busy pen would be watched with greater interest if men in Westminster knew that it writes the songs of a people whose nature it is to sing when they are most in earnest, and to place, as in days of old, the national poet before even the national soldier.

The ballad singer has always been a favorite in Ireland. No fair or market, no race meeting or political meeting is complete without him. He often composes the song he sings, and if it takes the fancy of his hearers, he rapidly disposes of the slip copies. No event of any interest passes without its ballad; no hero remains unsung. I have before me a rudely printed sheet which I bought on the streets of Thurles one spring evening. It is a fair specimen of the class. A coffin appears at the top of the slip, and the lines open thus:

"Once more this week does Carey wreak his vengeance on mankind,
And once again we see with pain the black flag in the wind:
Another dupe compelled to stoop to deeds of sin and shame!
God help my wife and family, Dan Curley is my name.
On the gallows high I'm forced to die and leave my happy home,
But hope to meet with mercy sweet from God in kingdom come.
Out from my heart ere I depart there's one advice I'm giving,
To shun unlawful meetings, and to trust in no man living."

The ballad ends with an appeal for the prayers of the hearers.

"To the Lord above, that thro' the love He bears for all mankind,
He'll pardon me on the gallows tree, and that I'll merry find."

All are not so mild as that. Though often coarse in expression, Irish street ballads are, thank God, singularly pure, and the priest generally comes to hear at once of any impropriety, and stops the danger on the spot. Treason is of course plentifully sung—if that can be called treason which is simply the untutored expression of passionate loyalty to the old country and wholesale defiance of her foes. I remember the magistrates of a town in the County of Tipperary being called on to pass judgement on two boys for singing a rebel song, from which I cull the following:—

"Then brighten up your rifles, boys,
And see your blades are keen,
And rally in your thousands
Neath our own immortal green.
Like soldiers of true freedom
We'll fight for liberty;
And with flashing blades and rifles, boys,
We'll make old Ireland free!"

The indictment described the ballad as "calculated to excite Her Majesty's subjects, and bring the Government of Ireland into contempt!" The boys were rightly scolded for singing this "obnoxious production," which, though sung in South Tipperary, came, they said, from Belfast.

But these quotations and remarks must end. If the subject required an apology I could find one in the fact that one good song in Ireland has even now more power over the people than a dozen speeches and even than many sermons; and if it is objected that this article, as a whole, is not comfortable reading for some of the subscribers to the *I. E. Record*, I answer that I have tried to put before them, not my views, but some important facts indicative of the sentiments of a people with whom sentiment is paramount. It may comfort some to know—what the songs that the Irish sing sufficiently prove—that the prevailing sentiment in Ireland now is one of self reliance and hope.—*Very Rev. Canon Arthur Ryan, in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record.*

ENGLISH AS SHE'S SPELT.

In one of our schools the other day, says a writer in the North-western *Magazine*, I picked up the following thrilling composition, written by a 12-year-old girl, which is one of the best pieces of English as she is "spelt" that I have yet seen: "A right suite little buoy, the son of a kernal, with a rough round his neck, flue up the road as quick as a dear. After a thyme he stopped at a house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired raze his fare pail face, and a feint mown of pane rose from his lips.

"The made who heard the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with all her mite, for fear her guessed would not weight; but when she saw the little won tiers stood in her ayes at the site. 'Ewe poor deer! Why do you lye hear? Are you dyeing?' 'Know, he said, 'I am feint.' She boar him in her arms, as she aught, to a room where he mite be quiet, gave him bred and met, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his choler, rapped him up warmly, gave him a suite dram from a viol, till at last he wont fourth as hail as a young hoarse."

The Catholic Weekly Review.

JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA.

Commenced by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. L. J. Deering, Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton.

The Rev. Father and of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1892.

CATHOLICS IN MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE municipal elections of Monday last proved a Waterloo to most of the candidates whose "misfortune" it was, municipally speaking, to be Catholics. Ward No. 1 was not true to itself when it failed to re-elect Ald. Pape, a man infinitely superior to at least three of the elected candidates, and whose record in the council during the past year was untarnished. In Ward No. 2 Mr. P. O'Connor, for a new man, made a very fair run, being 6th in a field of eight. No Catholic was in the fight for No. 3. Ward No. 1 rose superior to partizanship, and re-elected Ald. Wm. Burns, placing him second on the list, against one of the strongest and ablest list of candidates in the city. It did well. Ald. Burns, during the past year, proved himself one of the best men in the council, and this year is entitled to, and should insist upon receiving, the chairmanship of one of the standing committees. His abilities fit him for it. And the fact of his having been returned, last year at the head of the poll, and this year, against a strong combination, nearly so, is proof that he has the force of his constituents at his back. The Catholic population—one-sixth of that of the city—also desire that a representative of theirs be recognized and honored thus.

It is a travesty on the fifth ward that such men as Ald. Bell and Bailey should be elected as representatives over the head of a business man of Mr. T. K. Roger's standing, a man whom, we are safe in saying, is in every way the peer of those elected and whose only drawback was the fact of his being a Catholic, and a conscientious one. We would not wish to question the motives of the other Catholic gentleman who came out at the last moment, but he must have been aware that whilst he had no possible chance of election for himself, his action, by splitting the vote, went a long way to defeat Mr. Rogers, some of whose supporters foolishly lost heart and abandoned him, in a vain endeavour not to throw away their votes. The sixth ward did better, and re-elected Ald. Maloney, thereby showing appreciation for faithful services in the past and which Ald. Maloney's course in the future will no doubt further show to have been good judgment on the part of the ratepayers of our most western ward.

Mr. Fleming has been elected Mayor of the city of Toronto for 1892 by a plurality of 350. We would have preferred to have seen Mr. Osler elected as he is infinitely the better man, but evidently the citizens of Toronto do not wish a strong business man and able financier to be their chief magistrate. So much the worse for Toronto. The one redeeming feature is that the Orange candidate, Mr. McMillan, who bore the pseudonym of "Honest John," was badly defeated. The complete returns are Fleming, 8,622; Osler, 8,272; McMillan, 4,746; and Beatty, 603.

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

AN animated and very interesting controversy is just now being carried on in the columns of the *Mail* between Professor Clark and Rev. Hugh Johnston. Subject: Episcopal succession and validity of holy orders as conferred upon ministers of the different and divergent Protestant denominations. The learned Professor, after having proved from Scripture and tradition the doctrine of Episcopal Succession, and the necessity of the sacrament of Holy Orders, which he claims for the Anglican church, rather injures his own cause by quoting from Frederick Maurice as saying: "Whatever we may think of the Apostolic Succession as a doctrine, at least it is hardly possible to deny it as a fact." To this Rev. Hugh Johnston retorts, "But the learned Professor does not need to be told how radically incompatible are his philosophical and theological teachings with the views either of evangelists or High Churchmen. Maurice uses words simply on the principle of accommodation. He calls the ministers of his church priests, and when the question is asked 'do they offer a sacrifice, and offer it on behalf of others?' he answers, 'no.' On the same principle he affirms that they have a real absolving power; but when he explains himself he only means that in their ministerial capacity they make a representative declaration as if in Christ's name, of His willingness to pardon and absolve all that come to Him. As if each Christian had not the power and right to say as much of his fellows."

In thus showing the glaring inconsistencies it cannot be denied but that the Methodist preacher has the best of the argument. The argument *ad hominem* employed so successfully by the evangelist against the pretensions to the priesthood of Anglicans would avail nought and have no force whatever against an upholder of such scriptural doctrines who is a believing member of the Catholic Church. To the question, does a priest of the Catholic Church offer up a sacrifice? the answer must come: most certainly he does offer a true, real, propitiatory sacrifice for himself first, as St. Paul says, and then for others. "For every high priest taken from among men, is ordained for men in the things that appertain to God, that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins; who can have compassion on them that are ignorant and that err, because he himself is compassed with infirmity. And therefore ought he, as for the people so also for himself, to offer for sins." The same unequivocal answer must be given to the honest inquirer on the reality and efficacy of priestly absolution in the administration of the sacrament of Penance—as in the conferring of grace through Jesus Christ in the other sacraments instituted by Him for the sanctification of souls. The Ritualists and High Churchmen of the Anglican persuasion are much to be pitied when they lay claim to the priestly office, and prove the necessity of such as being the distinguishing mark of the true Church; and yet are obliged to confess that they exercise no priestly power either in offering up sacrifice or in absolving from sin.

In proof of the untenableness of Prof. Clark's position, Rev. H. Johnston criticises Dean Milman's argument "which," he says, "is so irresistible in the mind of the Professor." For on the question of Apostolic Succession Dean Milman differs from Mosheim, Gibbon and Neander, though he says, "there are few points in church history that rest on more dubious and imperfect evidence."

The Dean says on the succession: "While I am inclined to consider the succession of bishops from apostolic times to be undeniable, the nature and extent of the authority which they derived from the Apostles are altogether uncertain. The ordination, or consecration, whatever it might be, to that office, of itself conveyed neither inspiration nor the power of working miracles, which, with the direct commission from the Lord Himself, distinguished and set apart the primary apostles from the rest of mankind. It was only in a very limited and imperfect sense that they could, even in the sees founded by the Apostles, be called the successors of the Apostles."

Neither Dean Milman nor Rev. Mr. Johnston seems to understand the difference between Apostolic and Episcopal Succession. The Church of Christ is Apostolic, not simply Episcopal, and the bishops are successors of the Apostles only in the respect that the Apostles were bishops, and can transfer only the Episcopal, not the Apostolic succession. The Apostolate is above the Episcopate, and is under God, the origin and source of all authority in the Church. Our Lord

placed, as St. Paul tells us, the Apostles first, that is made the Apostolic authority the supreme authority in the Church. Bishops, as Dr. Brownson says, "do not, by the simple fact that they are bishops, participate in this authority, for no bishop can tacitly perform the episcopal function until authorized or assigned his jurisdiction by the episcopal authority."

The gift of inspiration or the power of performing miracles was not confined to the Apostles for we read that Stephen, who was not even a priest, much less a bishop, but simply a deacon, "was full of grace and fortitude, and did great wonders and signs among the people. And not only had he the power of miracles, but he was also inspired, since it is written in the book of Acts that: He being full of the Holy Ghost looking up steadfastly to Heaven, saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God." Several holy personages both in the old and new Testament were inspired and yet were not Apostles. Thus was the Blessed Virgin Mary inspired when she intoned the Magnificat, and Zachary was filled with the Holy Ghost when he prophesied, saying: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: because He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people."

So that little importance is to be attached to the authority of Dean Milman, when he commits so patent and so flagrant an error in maintaining that "the ordination or consecration, whatever it might be, to that office, of itself conveyed neither inspiration nor the power of working miracles, which distinguished and set apart the primary Apostles from the rest of mankind" when venerable patriarchs and young converts such as St. Stephen enjoyed both the gift of inspiration and the power of working miracles. It is absurd for Dean Milman to say that the possession of such gifts and such power distinguished and set apart the primary Apostles from the rest of mankind.

It is authority and jurisdiction which the Apostles transmitted to their successors, and not the gift of inspiration or the power of doing miracles, both of which are independent and apart from the ordinary work of a Bishop. The humblest man on earth may be inspired of God and perform miracles, be he priest or layman: but he would have no authority in the church, or jurisdiction to administer the Sacraments, unless he obtained it from competent authority and was duly commissioned by a Bishop enjoying the rights and privileges of Apostolic succession.

Rev. Hugh Johnston derives much comfort from the unsatisfactory and contradictory teachings of several eminent Protestant authors on the Apostolic origin of the Episcopate. Thus Pfleiderer said "that if the Pastoral Epistles are genuine then such apostolic origin cannot be denied. But because they do establish such doctrine he doubts their authenticity. Whereas Bishop Lightfoot accepts these Epistles, but sees nothing of sacerdotalism in them. The Rev. gentleman finally appeals to sentiment as his last and most powerful argument against the pretensions of the Anglican professor to Apostolic origin and uninterrupted succession of Episcopal jurisdiction, as belonging exclusively to High Churchmen of the Protestant Establishment in England. We do not believe, says Mr. Johnston, in any magical incantation, any mechanical succession, any ministry of the letter. We believe that the church is free, comprehensive, universal, and that differently organized bodies may yet belong to the holy Catholic Church. We ask you to recognize our ministers as the ministers of Jesus Christ, and to recognize in them the works and the fruits of the spirit of grace in just as full measure as you behold them among yourselves."

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If Professor Clark believes in the sacrament of Holy Orders and the necessity of Apostolic succession in the Episcopate, it will be very difficult for him to comply with the modest request of his Rev. antagonist, who looks upon Holy Orders and the laying of hands as nothing better than a piece of mechanism or a magical incantation. The Rev. Hugh Johnston should have more faith in the Scriptures than in mere sentiment or rhetorical flourishes. They tell him that "no man should take the honour to himself but he that is called of God as Aaron was." St. Paul again asks how can they preach unless they are sent," which means commissioned by those in authority, having power to give jurisdiction. The Apostles were commissioned thus and authorized to commission Paul and Barnabas—on whom they imposed hands. "Then they, fasting and praying, imposed hands upon them and sent them away, so they being sent by the Holy Ghost went to

Selenem." Take care that you stir up the Holy Spirit that is in you by the imposition of hands. Rev. Hugh Johnston would have more success as a controversialist, were he more sincere in his study of holy Scripture, and less addicted to buncombe and appeals to sentiment rather than truth and grace from above.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We again call the attention of subscribers in arrears to the matter of their indebtedness, and trust they will remit at once in order to start the year on an even footing. Whilst we have to thank the majority of our subscribers for their promptness in this respect, there are others who, from carelessness, allow their account to stand in arrears. By keeping your paper paid for in advance, you not only cultivate a good business habit, but also enjoy and appreciate the paper more fully, at the same time giving to its promoters substantial aid to still further increase its power and usefulness. We trust that all receiving accounts will respond promptly, in remitting us the amounts due.

To Wm. Burns and John Maloney the REVIEW extends congratulations on their re-election to the City Council as Aldermen for 1892.

LAST year, in a municipal council of 39, Catholics had three representatives, a proportion of 1 to 13. This year we will have two in a council of 24, a proportion of 1 to 12.

THE two following paragraphs will show how history repeats itself, and also the impossibility of introducing any measure coupled with education without treading in the beaten path of the Catholic Church:

Three hundred years ago a Doctor of Theology, named Joseph Calasanctius, associated with two priests, opened the first public free school at St. Dorothy's, Rome. Some hundreds of children were collected, who were taught free, and also supplied free of charge, with books, paper, and all things necessary.

A measure to provide pupils of the public schools of Toronto with free school books was carried on Monday last by vote of the people.

IN a late number of the *New York Journalist*, speaking of editorial ability and editorial functions, that paper well says that the shears, in selecting matter from contemporaries, play as important a part as the pen, and that the reader of any journal is more benefited by the gems from many able minds than from the individual utterances of any one writer, no matter how able he may be. The REVIEW has long recognized this, and has weekly given to its readers the best productions of the greatest minds in and out of the newspaper world. The following is what the *Journalist* says:

"A good many people do not know that an editor's selections from his contemporaries are quite often the best test of his editorial ability, and that the function of the scissors is not merely to fill up vacant spaces, but to reproduce the brightest and best thoughts and the most attractive news from all sources at the editor's command. There are times when the editor opens his exchanges and finds a feast for eyes, heart and soul. The thoughts of his contemporaries glow with life. He wishes his readers to enjoy the feast, and he lovingly takes up his scissors and clips and clips, and sighs to think that his space is inadequate to contain all the treasures so prodigally spread before him. Your true editor is generous, and will sacrifice his own ambition as a writer during such festal occasions, and it is of far more profit to his readers to set before them the original dish of dainties with the label of the real author affixed, than to appropriate its best thoughts to himself and reproduce them as his own. After all, the true test of a newspaper's real value is not

the amount of original matter it contains, but the average quality of all the matter appearing in its columns, whether original or selected."

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP RYAN of Philadelphia is credited by the New York *Herald* with the following able retort at a dinner party recently given by George W. Childs, and at which many prominent Philadelphians were present, amongst whom were ex-Attorney General Wayne MacVeagh. The ex-attorney general sat next to the archbishop. During the evening the subject of railway passes was brought up, very naturally, when the archbishop said that he had never traveled on a railroad pass in all his life and had never been offered one. Of course this singular statement attracted the attention of Colonel McClure, Clayton McMichael, Wayne MacVeagh and the rest and caused a general smile of wonderment.

"Why, my dear archbishop," said MacVeagh, "you have missed one of the real pleasures of life, as she is known in Philadelphia."

"The sensation of travelling on a pass would certainly be new to me," said his grace.

"I'll have to see Mr. George W. Boyd, of the Pennsylvania road, about this," said MacVeagh, "and use my influence toward having this oversight corrected."

"Really," replied the archbishop, "I—"

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted MacVeagh. "You can use your influence to get me a pass over the road you are supposed to control in a measure."

"Ah, my dear sir," retorted his reverence with a mock lugubrious look, "I have no control over or influence with the managers of any road you are likely to travel!"

THERE has been only one instance of a Catholic representing a New England State in the United States Senate. This distinction was enjoyed by Edward Kavanagh, who was United States Minister to Portugal under Jackson. At Lisbon Minister Kavanagh acquitted himself with great credit, and brought to a successful conclusion some delicate international matters with which he had been intrusted by President Jackson; and on his return home he brought with him a valuable collection of Spanish and Portuguese works, a portion of which he donated to the li-

brary of the Holy Cross College, at Worcester. His next appointment was on the commission to determine the northwest boundary, where his knowledge of international law served him greatly and inured to the benefit of this country. Retiring shortly after from national politics his neighbors sent him again to Augusta, this time as a State Senator; his colleagues in the Senate elected him President of that body in 1843, and Governor Fairchild being elected United States Senator by the Legislature, President Kavanagh acted as Governor of the State for the remainder of his term.

The following lines, culled from an exchange, beautifully depicts the exquisite vision enfolded to the convert walking for the first time in the paths of the Catholic Church. Can wonder be expressed that so many enlightened minds, tired from long wanderings in the maze of doubt and diversity, should have come for rest and comfort into her fold, becoming parts of her glorious body, feeding on her traditions, and drawing spiritual sustenance and nourishment from her veins:

He has embraced a higher grade of faith, has been brought into closer and holier communion with the unseen world, and has adopted a more just and charitable estimate of human veracity. He has taken a step towards the Celestial City, from the low, murky valleys of discord, where the fogs of error do love to dwell. He shakes hands with the brethren of every kind, name and tongue. He worships with people of every nation. He joins his prayer with those who speak the varied languages of the earth. On every shore, in every land, beneath every sky, and in every city, he meets brethren of the universal church. He is at home everywhere, and bows down with the millions who have worshipped and still worship, at the same altar, and hold the same faith.

This is not all. He traverses the records of all history, and goes back, link after link, by an indubitable chain to the apostolic day. He has no chasms to leap, no deserts to cross. At every step in his progress he finds the same old Church—the same faith—the same worship still pre-eminent in the Christian world. He sees the rise and fall of empires and sects, but the same old Church always pre-eminent. The records of the past are with him. He has the sanction of antiquity. Time tells for him a glorious story. He meets with myriads of brethren all along the slumbering ages. The old martyrs and saints are his brethren. He claims companionship with them. Their memories are loved by him.

OBITUARY.

The Late Mrs. Mary Murphy.

On Monday last there breathed her last at Loretto Academy, Bond street, where she had been residing, Mrs. Mary Murphy, widow of the late Jas. Murphy, of Seaforth, and mother of Rev. Mother Frances of Loretto Abbey. The deceased lady, from her amiableness and charity, was beloved by all and an universal favorite. The practice and observance of her religion was to her at once an imperative duty and a consolation, and she never faltered in its observance. Filled with faith; she was a model for others. Ever forgetful of self, her associates loses at once a kind counsellor and sincere friend. She died fortified by the Sacraments of Holy Church. Her mortal remains were taken by G. T. B. to Guelph on Wednesday, at which place she was interred, her daughter, Rev. Mother Frances, accompanying them. May God in his infinite mercy allow her soul to rest in peace.

Death of Mrs. John Redmond.

In Montreal, on December 18th, there died of pneumonia Mary Ann Davidson, widow of the late Charles Redmond. She was a member of the third order of St. Francis and is deeply regretted by a large circle of friends.

She was a resident of Montreal for 47 years, and leaves two children, Mr. M. P. Redmond of Toronto, and Mrs. Thos. McKenna of Montreal.—R.I.P.

Death of Mrs. McCarthy of Prescott.

From *United Canada* we take the following notice of the death last week of one who is well known and respected in Toronto, and whose death is regretted by a large circle of friends. Of the sons who survive her, Mr. W. C. McCarthy is a rising young barrister with the firm of Macdonell & Corley of this city. The *Review* extends its sympathies to the bereaved husband and children.

United Canada says: News has reached us of the death of Mrs. John McCarthy at Prescott. To say that sorrow reigns within the house whence she departed is but an echo faint and feeble of the grief that fills the heart of her husband and children. Of her nobility is needed. She lived as a Christian woman should, and died, if ever being did, in the odor of sanctity. A tender wife—her husband's heart is full of misery. A kind mother—her children weep in agony over her grave. A considerate friend—she is mourned by all who know her. Mrs. McCarthy was the mother of a large family. Four of her sons—W. C., John, Ned and Charles—were students, at one time or

another, of Ottawa University. Her death caused deeper sadness, coming as it did at a season of the year when joy should fill our hearts. The loss to her husband and children will be great; and, in the midst of their grief, we may be permitted to offer them our sympathy. In places where she was wont to be they will seek in vain for her. She has gone to rest at an advanced age, and to hear the welcome of God to her. "Well done good and faithful servant!"

Bishop John Loughlin, of Brooklyn, who had been ill for several months, died on Tuesday, Dec. 29. Next to Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, who was born in 1806 and who, on Nov. 30, celebrated the golden jubilee of his consecration as a bishop, Rt. Rev. John Loughlin was the oldest member of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States. On Dec. 20, 1817, in the parish of Clarendon, County Down, Ireland, the Bishop first saw the light of day. His parents did not have an abundance of this world's goods. They came to this country when their son was nine years old and settled in Albany. The boy was sent to the Polytechnic School in Albany, and subsequently he studied in a school near Montreal. When it was resolved that he should become a priest he entered St. Charles' College, in Ellicott City, Md. When he had completed

his college course he began his theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where afterwards he taught for a few years. Bishop Hughes ordained him a priest in the old St. Patrick's Cathedral on Mott street on Oct. 18, 1810. He and Bishop Hughes, the most famous Catholic prelate in America, became close friends, and in 1848 the Bishop made Father Loughlin his Vicar-General. He was appointed Bishop of Brooklyn in 1853. His golden jubilee as a priest was celebrated in Oct. 1890.

Catholic News

...The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association will give another of their delightful entertainments on Wednesday evening next, in their hall, McCaul st.

Acknowledgment from Sunnyside.

...The Sisters in charge of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, gratefully acknowledge the following Christmas donations:

Mr. G. W. Kieley \$100, Mr. Alex McDonald \$10, Messrs L. J. Casgrove & Co. \$10, a friend \$10, Mrs Daisy Turner \$10, Mrs. B. B. and P. Hughes \$5, St. Patrick's Conference \$5, A. J. McDonagh \$5 and a quantity of candy, Mr. W. M. Milligan \$5, Mrs. For \$5, Mrs. M. McCann \$2; Mrs. Frank Smith sanctuary lamp, 2 pair handsome vases, 2 sets gold flowers, 2 cash-stocks and a crucifix; the Misses Smith 2 pairs candy, 1 case oranges and cooking, Mrs. E. O'Keefe side of beef; Mrs. J. J. Keany, 1 box raisins and 150 handkerchiefs; Mrs. Sumner 1 basket of fruit; Mr. Wm. Ryan 6 turkeys, 1 bld. pork, 1 bld. peas; Messrs. L. Coffee & Co. 20 bags of flour, Mr. C. Flannigan 6 turkeys, Mr. Wm. 1 Connor quarter beef, Mrs. Morrison candies, Mrs. Kay 1 turkey and clothing, Mrs. J. Carroll clothing, Mrs. L. Coffee case of oranges.

St. Paul's Catholic Literary Association.

At the weekly meeting of this association the election of officers for the year 1892 resulted as follows:—Honorary President, Rev. Father Reddin; President, C. J. McCabe, B.A.; 1st Vice President, P. J. Mulhern; 2nd Vice President, Wm. Murphy; Treasurer, B. Whalen; Financial Secretary, A. Hodgson; Recording Secretary, Jas. C. O'Brien; Assistant Secretary, Arthur O'Leary; Librarian, Rev. Father Mulhern; Assistant Librarian, Michael Martin; Executive Committee, Messrs. G. Duffe, J. F. Hughes; J. J. Dalton, J. McGrand and J. Wright. Speeches were made by the successful candidates. With such efficient officers the society is confident the membership roll will be greatly increased before the end of the year.

A mock parliament has been formed with President McCabe as Premier, who has chosen as his cabinet Messrs. O'Brien, Murphy and Hodgson. The Premier is to move the following resolution at next meeting, Sunday, 10th inst., 7 p.m. — Resolved that annexation is the future destiny of Canada.

All Catholic young men are cordially invited to join.

Christmas in the Smithville Mission.

Owing to the unpropitious state of the weather and consequent bad roads, the people of this Mission were not able to celebrate Xmas with the solemnity of other years. The only item of interest in connection therewith was the annual distribution of Catechism prizes. These prizes were five in number, and were awarded, as usual, to the children obtaining the highest average obtained from the division of the number of questions answered by each at the different examinations by their respective ages. In this way the youngest child had the same chance to win a prize as the eldest. The prizes for this year and their winners were as follows:—

1st prize Agnes M. Hand, Sacred Heart of Jesus of Battoni.
2nd prize Stella Murgatroyd; St. Agnes V. M. Guardasconi
3rd prize James Hand, Ecce Homo... Guido Renni
4th " Sylvester Hand; Guardian Angel... Pacelli
5th " Cecelia Hastings, St. Joseph with Child Jesus
Honorable mention? Martin Barry and Mary Sullivan.

These prizes were Oleographic Pictures from Bologna, Italy. In distributing them our Rev. pastor expressed his dissatisfaction at the past year's work as the highest average was only one half of what it was last year. He said that he did not feel responsible for this as he took as much interest in the matter as formerly—and the teachers, too, he thought, had done their part. He therefore urged upon the parents the grave responsibility resting upon them of taking a greater interest in the matter and the terrible account they would have to render to God if, through their neglect, the children lost their faith. Faith is indeed a "Margarita preciosa—a pearl of great price." But, how often alas! is it bartered away for the interest trifles worldly advantages—because people do not know or appreciate its value. He also urged upon the people, under his pastoral care, the necessity of each family subscribing to some good Catholic papers to provide them with good and instructive reading, especially on the Sundays and holidays they are compelled to be absent from Mass and Vespers on account of sickness, bad roads, &c. What idea of their Faith and its grave responsibilities can those Catholics have who are but seldom to Church, missing, therefore, the instructions therein given, and whose reading is taken from such papers as the *Mail*, which would seem to have for motto—"Lie, lie! keep on lying and some of it is sure to stick!" Such Catholics must surely form a noble idea of their priests from the specimen recently given to them by that journal, viz., the notorious Rev. Mr. Cotton. As regards the rest of the secular press if they do not calumniate the Church and her doctrines, or present these doctrines totally distorted, under the guise of the *Figos's* "Bugbear of Romanism, Ultramontanism, &c.," they at least neglect Catholic news more or less—as for instance, their total silence with regard to the recent conversion of the Rev. Mr. Spalding.

CON.

...The news has been telegraphed from Rome to Paris that the Pope intends to confer the Grand Cross of the Order of Christ upon the Archbishop of Aix. It is almost needless to add that in the present state of public feeling, when a movement is on foot to separate Church and State, as one of the results of the Archbishop of Aix's conduct supported by letters of other distinguished prelates, such a step on the part of the Vatican is most significant.

The Archbishop of Bordeaux has made common cause with Monsignor Gouline Goulini in a diocesan letter which he addressed to all Catholics in France. The main points of this letter are as follows: The Archbishop of Bordeaux defends the right of members of the episcopate to join in pilgrimages to Rome. According to this prelate when the Archbishop of Aix wrote as he did, he was not procepsed by a wish to fight, but was simply overcome by disgust. The Pope, says the Archbishop, has no longer hope in earthly defenders outside the ranks of the devout French Catholics. He knows that they are noble-hearted and intrepid, and that their blood is easily fired by the complaint of the weak and the cries of insulted virtue and outraged honor. He will find among them avengers, as Christ found at Golgotha. The Pope is tired of all in the spiritual order, and French Catholics will never suffer him to be in subjection of any earthly power.

We recollect a volume of sermons preached in this country from Protestant pulpits when Pius VI. died a prisoner. The Papacy was dead. It had no future Babylon the great had fallen. Yet here nearly a century later a sensationalist Protestant writer is discussing its future. We have gained thus much in a hundred years, that these people admit that the Papacy which antedates all European and American Governments is still full of life, and that it has a future—that it is likely to see the fall as it has the rise of so many States and Dynasties. To discuss the future of the Papacy without a revealed knowledge of the will of God is folly. The Papacy stands in history amid the wreck and ruin of empires and states something grand, imposing, perennial. If not supernatural, it is something far beyond the usual human and political system.

Geiffcken in an off-hand way attempts to lift the veil of futurity. His arguments roll on the so-called Law of Guarantees passed by the so-called Italian Kingdom. He admits its deficiencies; but he ignores its great deficiency that it is a guarantee by a state not recognized by the great powers of Europe, whose professions and promises are not guaranteed by any great power, not even one. Its seizure of Rome is a fact, notable fact, a recognized state fact. Its promises depend on the will of secret societies, of the tools of the state. This laborer for pay admits that the law of guarantees made by the Italian government to suit its own ends has not always been faithfully executed by the government; he admits the insults at the funeral of Pius IX., the shameful judgments of Court and by the Italian government; the wrongful seizure of the Propaganda, and the recent organized attack on pilgrims to Rome.

But to the Catholic and to the Christian stands the record: *Christus regnat, Christus vivit, Christus imperat.*—*Catholic News*

Number's Monthly Magazine for January, 1892, is an issue that must please its numerous patrons. We can mention but a few of the leading articles: "Father" Hall and his troubles in the episcopal Church, Canon Martini, abducted by Pius IX., (with a portrait); Irish Celebrities of New York, John D. Crammins; Washington Crosses the Delaware Christmas Night; Rosa Mulholland talks of Cook; Angel: A Life Sketch, by the author of "Bonnie Deuraven"; "The second Canto of the *Glan-na Loughlan*; Universal Expectation of the Virgin and the Messias; full particulars of the conversion of Rev. James Field Spalding, D.D., with his address at the church he formerly occupied in Cambridge, Mass.

Cardinal Domenico Agostini, Patriarch of Venice, died Thursday.

Rev. Henry Duranquet, S.J., died at Woodstock College, Maryland, last Wednesday.

The continued serious illness of Archbishop Keane of St. Louis is causing considerable uneasiness.

Adresses from Perigeux, in France, give a sad account of the inmates of the Convent of St. Claire. Twenty of the Sisters are stricken down with acute influenza.

The Benedictine Novitiate in Brazil, which has been closed for a number of years by order of the Government, is about to be reopened. A General Chapter of the Order in Brazil was recently held at Rio de Janeiro.

An official notification relative to the Church of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre, says an erroneous belief seems to be abroad to the effect that the lambrca is finished. Over five million francs more will be required for its completion.

IMOGEN'S REWARD.

ELIZABETH BONHAYE IN SAN FRANCISCO "MONITOR."

II.

"That it would happen so soon," interrupted Imogen. "Neither had I, but Bert had an offer of a fine position in Portland, and as he has to go in a month he wants to take me with him."

"In a month!" Gabrielle exclaimed, opening her eyes wide in astonishment. "Why, how can you ever be ready?"

"Well, I'm going to be," rejoined Imogen, enjoying her surprise. "If it weren't so peculiar in your religious views, Gabrielle, I'd ask you to be my bridesmaid, but of course I know you wouldn't take part in a Protestant ceremony."

"Is it to be a Protestant ceremony, Imogen?"

"Why, of course! What put that question into your head?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Gabrielle, with a little spice of malice in her tone. "Only knowing that neither you nor Mr. Landers profess any religious belief, I was wondering why you should have a clergyman. I thought probably you'd be married by a Justice."

"Well, for that matter," said Imogen, slightly nonplused, "the ceremony is only a matter of form, and I wouldn't care who performed it, but people might talk, so we will have the minister for appearance sake; besides there is no style to a home wedding. But there you prudish old thing, I'm not going to have you lecture me, so come along. I want you to see the material for my wedding dress."

Seizing Gabrielle's arm, she drew her into another room where the chairs and table were loaded with beautiful fabrics, which the deft fingers of two dress makers were fashioning into her bridal outfit. After looking at and admiring everything, as girls delight to do when there is a wedding in prospect, Gabrielle turned to go.

"You know how earnestly I shall pray for your happiness, Imogen," she said, putting her arms caressingly around her friend. "I know God will reward you for the service you have done poor Alice."

"Oh, I don't expect any reward," said Imogen, carelessly. "You have done all for her yourself."

"If you had not interested yourself enough to tell me about her, dear Imogen, I should never have gone there, and she might have died without baptism. Then, again, these kind ladies would not have heard of her, for it is through her conversion that they became interested in her. So, you see, dear, you did her more of a service than you are aware of."

"Oh, well," said Imogen, who did not at all realize that Alice's baptism meant the salvation of her soul; "I'm glad I told you since it did her some good. You Catholics are always so much interested in any one who embraces your religion."

"That is because we understand their gain," quickly responded Gabrielle. "But I would not have you to understand that it is only because Alice became a Catholic that the Deane's are so good to her. In such a case they would cheerfully do as much, no matter what she was, for charity's sake."

Imogen turned from the door thinking what an odd girl her friend was. She led such a different life that she could not understand Gabrielle's, but she often envied her peaceful face and sweet disposition.

"At any rate, her religion brings her peace," she thought with a sigh. "It must be that, because I know she has plenty of things to worry her, and here I am with nothing to trouble me and I'm miserable half the time," and then with a shrug of her shoulders she dismissed the thought and sought distraction amidst the finery.

Gabrielle visited Alice many times in the following fortnight, for the poor girl grew worse each day. She was so weak that it was useless to seek to give her much instruction, but she liked to have Gabrielle repeat prayers which she would repeat after her like a little child, and to talk about the crucifix which was seldom out of her hand.

It was just three weeks from Gabrielle's first visit that Alice passed away calmly and peacefully. She was hurried with the money that had been collected by her companions to supply her with comforts during her sickness but which she never received. Old Mrs. Wrede hated to give the money and held out till the last hoping that Gabrielle or the Deane's would relieve her, but knowing her avarice and her meanness towards Alice they felt that it would be a shame to let her off, and so, reluctantly and grudgingly, she was forced to pay the bill.

Imogen's wedding day dawned fair and cloudless, finding her full of joyous anticipation. She was married at the Unitarian church, and the affair passed off with all the splendor her father's wealth could command. Though Gabrielle took no part in the ceremony it was her loving hands that helped deck the bride and that placed the veil of orange blossom on her dainty head. Standing among the crowd that thronged the parlors of the Dudley mansion at the reception later on she watched the pair, a dreamy look in her black eyes. She thought how beautiful and happy Imogen appeared, and then, as her eyes were directed to the face of the newly-made husband, a sigh escaped her. He was lightly built, tall and dark, a striking contrast to his *petite*, fair-haired bride. Fond of pleasure and style, his seemed to be a

shallow nature; but as he was smart and successful in business, Imogen was considered a very fortunate girl by her friends. With them, as with the majority of the world, it was not a question of "How good is he?"—but of, "Can he support her in good style?" Gabrielle was probably the only one in all that gay throng who gave a serious thought to their future. Late in the afternoon the couple departed for Portland and many years elapsed ere the two friends met again.

For a long time Imogen wrote regularly in answer to her friend's letters, but gradually the correspondence dropped off, and at last ceased. Gabrielle, in the meantime, married happily, and settled near the home of her parents. She thought of and prayed for Imogen, feeling sure that they would meet again some day. Nor was she disappointed, for one day after years of silence, Imogen's card was brought to her by a maid, and the two friends were soon locked in a close embrace, laughing and crying in one breath.

When the joyful greetings were over and the two friends were settled comfortably for a long chat, Gabrielle could not help noticing the change in Imogen. There was the same graceful, elegantly attired form, but the proud, restless look was gone from the pretty face, and in its stead shone a deep, glad contentment.

"You're just the same old Gabrielle," Imogen remarked with a smile, "not a bit changed. If it were not for the babies," referring to Gabrielle's two children, "I could almost imagine we had parted only yesterday."

"But you have changed, Imogen. You look so much happier. And now I am eager to hear all about you."

"You heard of my little one's death, didn't you?" a shade crossing the bright face. "Well, that was the first sorrow that ever entered my life, and was the beginning of the change you notice. You don't know how pretty she was, Gabrielle, and I loved her so dearly. I never cared much for children before my baby came, but after that, she filled our lives, Bert's and mine, for he, too, adored her. From the time she could walk and talk, I thought of nothing but how to dress and fix her, so as to set off and have people admire the beauty of which I was so proud. Never a thought of the good God who gave her! But you know how giddy I was in those days, Gabrielle. So time passed till Gracie was four, and then she fell ill with brain fever. O, Gabrielle, how she suffered, my little baby! At last one morning, a week from the day she took sick, the doctor told me that there was no hope. She might live till night, but he could not assure me that she would last an hour. I was like one in a stupor, unable to realize his words, till I was roused by the voice of Ellen, baby's faithful nurse, who had had charge of her from her birth, and who, I know, regarded her as the dearest thing on earth. Ellen, as you will see, was a fervent Catholic."

"Mrs. Landers, for God's sake, don't be vexed with me; but as Gracie is dying I must speak. Won't you have her baptized?"

I looked at the woman, amazed at her boldness, but something in the earnest, suffering face, down which the tears were running, checked the angry reply I was about to make, and I said, "What good will baptism do her?"

"O, ma'am," she said, earnestly, "she is going from you. As you can't keep her, don't prevent her from becoming an angel around God's throne in heaven."

"But how can I prevent her, Ellen? I don't understand you."

"Don't you know, ma'am, that even a baby unbaptized cannot enter the kingdom of heaven?" said Ellen, deeply shocked at my ignorance.

"But Ellen, how can God refuse my innocent baby heaven? You know I don't believe in your Sacraments."

Ellen rose from her knees by the bedside, and looking me reproachfully in the eye, she said, "God does not refuse your little one heaven, ma'am; but you do."

I looked at her, surprised at her boldness, but not heeding my look, she went on:

"God desires everyone to enter and enjoy heaven forever, but He has made baptism a condition to gaining that bliss, and we are bound to comply with it. In the case of a baby it is not God who is to blame if it does not gain admission, but the ones who prevent it from receiving baptism. O, ma'am, forgive me that I speak so plainly to you, but I love baby so much that I cannot bear to see her die that way. Surely, ma'am, if you don't believe in baptism, there is a doubt on all religious subjects in your mind, and you should give baby the benefit of it. If ever you should come to believe that it is a Sacrament necessary for salvation your heart will break to think that you are the cause of her not receiving it."

I paused, touched and troubled in spite of myself, at her words. What if she were right? I wasn't sure. An exclamation from Ellen startled me. Her eyes were fixed on my little one's face, and the look there warned me that death was near. Bending over her, I cried aloud in my anguish. Just then the dark eyes unlosed and looked at me with such a strange, pleading expression.

"There is no time to send for a minister," I said distractedly, not knowing what to do.

"O, ma'am, if you say so, I'll baptize her. She will be dead before a messenger can reach a clergyman."

"You!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; for where there is danger of death any lay person can baptize."

I offered no further resistance, and so my little one was baptized by faithful Ellen. O, how many, many times have I blessed her for speaking that day! My husband had gone to the drug store and when he returned Grace was dead. She had opened her eyes and smiled at me as Ellen finished, and died with the smile on her face. I did not tell Bert what had taken place, as I thought he wouldn't like it, but somehow it made me strong so that I could comfort him. Every time I bent over my sleeping babe a voice seemed to whisper consolingly, "Mother of an angel, do not weep," and I seemed to see her, a smiling, happy angel, like the cherubs I have often seen in pictures. My little one! You can't imagine how, in the first dark days, we missed her. Bert seemed as if he had lost all ambition to live. Then we moved and the change roused us a little, and Ellen, God bless her, was such a comfort to me.

After we were settled in the new house, and the bustle and stir of moving were over, time began to hang heavily on my hands, and I thought I would go wild with loneliness. I could not, nor did I care to take part in any of my old worldly occupations. Soon Ellen began to absent herself for a while every evening, and often asked my permission to take some little family to a sick friend. One day I asked her about her patient, and she told me such a pitiful tale that I resolved to go with her and see if I could be of some assistance to the poor woman of whom she spoke. I went, and, oh, Gabrielle! you should have seen her. She was slowly dying of cancer. She had such a gentle face, and was so patient. When I offered to send a doctor, to my amazement she thanked me but refused to see him.

"I knew I'm dying," she said, "and he can do me no good."

"But he can ease the pain you suffer," said I.

"I know that, ma'am, and may God bless you for your kind intentions, but I'm willing to suffer to the end. O, if I can only suffer my punishment on this earth, and at death see my Saviour in heaven how happy I will be," and the poor creature's face glowed with the fervor of her love. I shall never forget the impression her words made on me. I questioned Ellen when we reached home, and she told me that the poor woman suffered the utmost agony, but when anyone commiserated her she would gaze on the crucifix, and say, "It is nothing."

See how much He suffered for me, and how sinful and ungrateful I have been. Surely I can bear a little now."

"I visited her many times till her death, and, Gabrielle, that woman was a revelation to me. Her faith in Jesus was something wonderful, and she brought home to me the actual necessity of religion in one's life, what I had never realized before. I thought if I were lying on that bed, deserted by friends and surrounded by poverty, what an abandoned wretch I would be; and here these very trials had made a saint of this woman through her faith in Christ. Then came back to me all the old arguments with you, and I acknowledged them, what I had felt all along secretly, that this faith of yours and her's was the only true one, and that if I wished to meet my baby in Heaven I could remain out of it no longer.

"These thoughts worried me for months. I could not speak to Bert for he believed in nothing, and he would never consent to my becoming a Catholic. At last I fell ill, dangerously, so the doctors said, and then, knowing that he would be afraid to refuse my request for fear of the effect it would have on me, I begged of Bert to let me see a priest. You never saw anyone so astonished in your life, but, as I thought, he feared to refuse and went himself for one.

"I can scarcely tell you of the days that followed. I began to mend immediately. The priest visited me daily. At first Bert eyed me askance, and I believe he remained in the room reading during the instructions, with a half-formed design of interfering, but in spite of himself he became interested, and afterwards stayed from choice and joined in receiving them. When I was well enough to go out we were baptized together in the little parish church. Since then, Gabrielle dear, I have shared your happiness, for I know that the sweetest serenity I used to envy in you is but the outward reflection of a fervent Catholic spirit at peace with God. I can never thank Him sufficiently for this wonderful grace of conversion, and looking backward on my frivolous life I cannot imagine how I ever merited it in the slightest degree."

"We do not receive favors from God because we merit them," said Gabrielle, as Imogen finished her story, "but I recall one act of charity you did that probably helped to obtain this grace for you. Do you not remember poor Alice Kerr, and how through your coming to tell me of her, she was baptized on her death-bed? I thought, then, that when God used you as a means of saving that soul He would never let you perish in darkness."

THE GRIP.

The "grip
When you get it
You'll fret it
As it wears you
As it tears you
You'll abuse
While you lose
Your grip.
Not the same—
Cept in name

As that other diabolic, pathogenic, and pandemic, innocuous, irritating, top-not, wracking, paralytic, cramping, stomach-wrecking, body-burning, brain-pan-marking, nerves-all-churning, affliction which is called or by synthetic people latched

The "influenza" — but, for short,
When with cold in head you meet
And your temper's on the strip
It's just ordinary "grip."
And its metabolic
Worse than cold
Passes in your blood
And you wish your name was mud.
Until in sudden fury you let everything just rip—
While in cheerful, sunny
Your family are mouthing
In a sort of ruse thence
With their vitiated chime
The note of the grip.

Not the pop
But the grip, grip, grip
From its talons you can't slip
But must sit, and in your person
(For all its woe's a caricom)
Exemplify its rule;
And everyone's a fool
When the winky, licker's grip
And the quinine mixed you sip
And pay out pill
To red yourself
(If that all's effective)
Naught's effective
Old world rip
The grip.

DOWN ON REPORTERS.

The reporter who is very ignorant always begins his articles, "We are well informed." When a reporter relies on a mere rumour he

writes, "We learn from a perfectly reliable source."

When he is uncertain he writes, "As is well known."

If he has written all that can be written on a subject he adds, "We might continue this subject for columns."

If he does not hear anything at all he writes, "It has come to our ears."

If he does not know how an affair started he writes, "As all our readers are well aware."

If nobody said a word to him on the subject he writes, "We have just been assured."

TEARS SITTING.

ALL WE'VE GOT LEFT.

A story is told of a bright lad, whose mother is prominent in society circles and was entertaining a select party of lady friends a few afternoons since. He, with boylike enthusiasm, was assisting in serving refreshments. Towards the latter part of the afternoon the little fellow approached his mother, who was engaged in conversation with the ladies. Holding a plate of cakes aloft, he remarked, in a not at all subdued tone: "Say, mamma, I guess they liked 'em pretty well, for that's all we've got left." A hearty laugh went the rounds, in which the hostess joined, while the speaker departed, wondering what caused so much merriment.

AN UNFORTUNATE ILLUSTRATION.

A story is told of a minister whose sermons were usually of a practical character. On entering the pulpit one Sunday he took with him a walnut to illustrate the character of the various Christian churches. He told the congregation that the shell was tasteless and valueless, that was the High Church; the skin was narrow and worthless, that was the Roman Catholic Church; then he said he would show them the Protestant church. He cracked the nut, and found it—rotten! Then he coughed violently, and the sermon came to a speedy conclusion.

"WANTED AN A.B. SEAMAN."

The captain of a large steamer was once filling up his crew for a long voyage, when a seaman came up and said: "I want to sail with you, sir." "All right, my man," said the captain, "and where have you sailed before?" "P. and O., sir, to Australia." "What countryman?" "An Irishman," was the ready response. "Well, you must get a character."

The discharge was obtained, and as the Irishman was presenting it, another seaman came up and said he wanted to join. "What line were you on before?" "Cunard, sir." "What countryman?" "English, your honor." "All right; go forward."

Shortly after, as the two men were swilling the decks in a heavy sea, the Englishman was swept overboard, bucket and all. Paddy finished his job, and then went to the captain's cabin.

"Come in," responded the officer to his raji. "What's up now?"

"Do you mind Bill Smith, the Englishman and Quartermaster?" queried Pat.

"Yes, surely, my man."

"You took him without a character?"

"I believe so. What of that?"

"Well, he's gone off with your bucket!"

A CAPITAL SCHEME.

"What do you do when people come in and bore you?" a warm personal friend asked of a merchant.

"When they stay too long the officer boy, who is very bright, and knows just when to interfere, tells me that a gentleman is in the counting-room waiting to see me on important business."

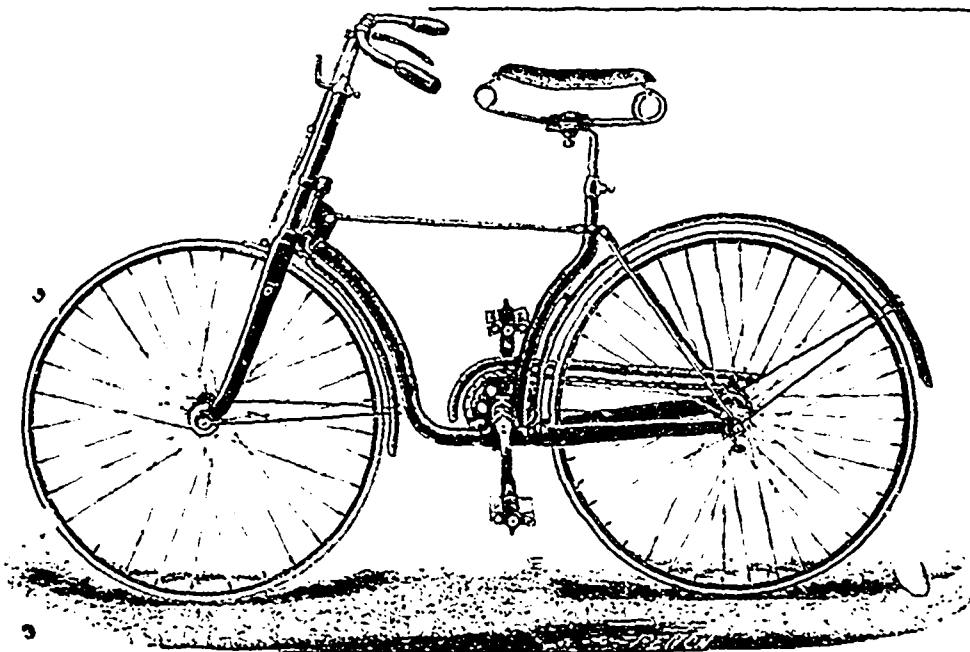
"Ha, ha, that's a capital way 'o get rid of bores who don't know."

Just then the boy opened the door, and rang out: "Gent in the counting-room waitin' to see you on important business."

These Illustrations represent a portion of our Premiums which we offer for the getting up subscription clubs,

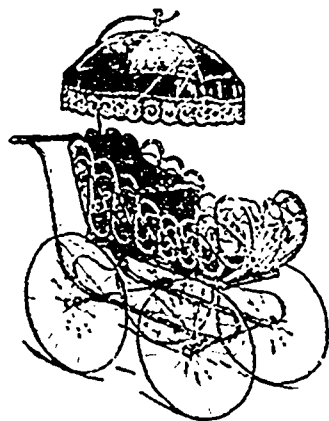
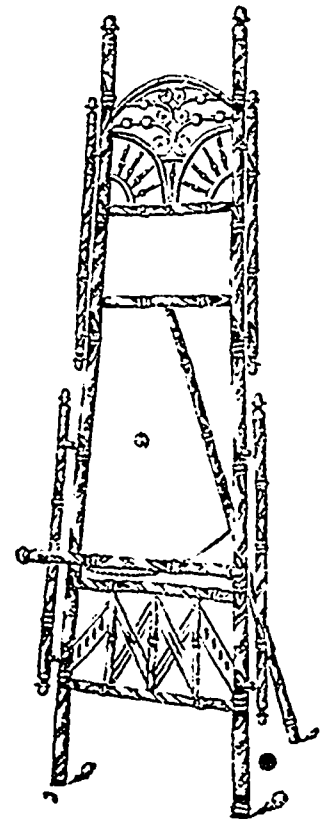
The REVIEW, with its increased size and the new feature about to be introduced, is now in the front of Canadian journalism. We take this opportunity of thanking the many friends who have sent us in lists of subscribers, and as a still further incentive, for efforts on our behalf, we have determined to donate the following premiums to those sending in to us the number of prepaid subscribers as designated below. All these goods are of the best quality, manufactured by the well known firm of the Gendron Manufacturing Co., 7 and 9 Wellington St., Toronto,

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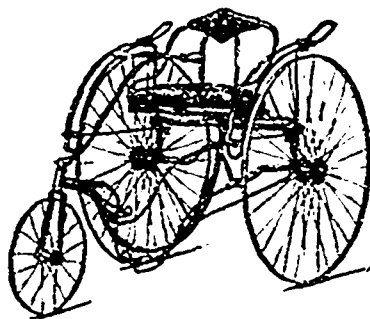


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1	" " " " " "	5,000
1	" " " " " "	2,500
1	" " " " " "	1,250
2	Prizes " " " " " "	1,250
5	" " " " " "	1,250
25	" " " " " "	1,250
100	" " " " " "	250
250	" " " " " "	100
500	" " " " " "	50
Approximation Prizes.		
100	" " " " " "	25
100	" " " " " "	15
100	" " " " " "	10
999	" " " " " "	5
999	" " " " " "	2

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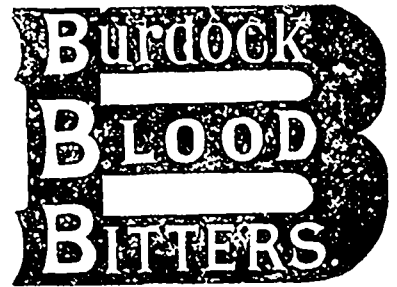
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The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, Dec. 5, 1891.

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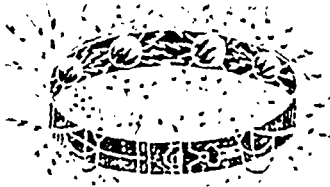
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Yours truly,
F. H. MURRAY.

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DEAR SIR: We use no other soap, as we find the labor greatly reduced in washing, scrubbing or any other work by using Surprise.
Yours,
MRS. JOHN BURKE.

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The above is no "tally," but genuine admiration of your soap.
Yours faithfully,
W. H. GRATTON, Customs Dept., Ottawa.

UTTER GARD TOWNS, Oct. 18, 1888.
DEAR SIR: Please send me the Picture for twenty five wrappers. I am only a little boy. My papa keeps shop and I wish for your Surprise Soap.
DALL McLEMIN.

ST. JOHN'S, N. B.
DEAR SIR: Please send me the Picture for the twenty five wrappers. My mamma says she would not be without your Soap for our family washing for anything.
Yours truly,
BERTIE L. LITTLE.

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